

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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SEBASTIAN STROME.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTER XI. STROME'S RIVAL.

JUSTICE has not yet been done in this history to the character and talents of Mr. Selim Fawley. That he was a gentleman of energy, persistence, and address may have been inferred from such mention as has been made of him in the foregoing pages; but it will also have been evident that he was deserving of more than incidental allusion.

Precisely what may have been the ideals and aspirations with which Mr. Fawley began life, it would be difficult to determine; therefore it is fair to assume that they were of at least average respectability. He was born, as we know, of an unimpeachable Jewish family, who were not only desirable acquaintances in themselves, but were related more or less directly to eminent personages of the same faith residing in London. It is enough to say on this head that his paternal grandmother, Rebecca Fawley, was a niece of Anthony Goldmacher, who owned large estates in and about Cadgerville, and from whom descended the present eminent financiers and statesmen. Mr. David Fawley, Selim's progenitor, was first connected with the well-known banking firm of Bullion Brothers in the latter part of George the Fourth's reign. He was a clear-headed, able man, and greatly enhanced his pecuniary, if not his social advantages, by marrying Miss Sarah Kugelmann, a wealthy pawnbroker's daughter. Sarah, who was a Jewess only on her father's side, died after bearing her lord three children—two daughters, and a son, Selim.

As regarded Selim, Mr. Fawley announced his intention of making a first-class English gentleman of him. In compassing this laudable end the affectionate father must have expended a good deal of money and pains. From his earliest boyhood, the young Selim was instructed in the arts of dancing, horsemanship, and fencing; and in due time was sent to Rugby. It was here that he first met Sebastian Strome, and that friendship began between the two boys which was destined to come to such an abrupt and mysterious termination a few years afterwards. Meanwhile, almost all accounts agree in representing Selim in a most amiable and attractive light. He was a pretty, bright-cheeked, lively boy, and he developed into a comely, broad-shouldered youth, with what are called insinuating manners—at least, when in company with women. With his own sex he was noted rather for an ingenuous frankness and simplicity of conduct; he never put on any airs, and it was customary to say of him that he didn't know how to look out for his own interests. In other words, he let himself be put upon. If any friend of his, or acquaintance even, was in need of money, Fawley would immediately give him all he had in his pockets; and if he made private notes of sums thus disbursed, and submitted the same to his father's inspection in his letters, that was a matter which no third person knew or was concerned to know. At school he was a most industrious and unexceptionable fag, and when his turn came to be master his rule was notorious for its indulgent clemency. He never offered to thrash anybody, in spite of his unusual physical strength; and he never was thrashed but once; that is to say, in his memorable contest with Strome.

But this quarrel, as everybody agreed in saying, was forced upon him by his antagonist; and when the latter, notwithstanding his marked inferiority in size and muscle, succeeded in compelling "Big Fawley's" seconds to throw up the sponge after five rounds had been fought, the victory was generally considered, even by those who had backed the winner, as being in some way a miscarriage of justice. Fawley had seemed to have right as well as the strongest battalions on his side; and yet little Strome had beaten him.

Fawley, however, accepted the fortune of war gracefully enough, and betrayed no symptoms of bearing malice on account of his defeat, and he and his conqueror subsequently became inseparable friends. It is significative of the personal liking which he generally inspired, that he left Rugby with a fair reputation for pluck; though pluck can hardly be esteemed the quality for which he was most remarkable. But the boys found him so good-natured, fair, and free-handed, that they would not have had the heart to deny him their pet virtue, even had it been much less conspicuous in him than was actually the case. Strome was plucky to a fault, but he was not so popular as Fawley. Strome was clever, fiery-tempered, proud, and domineering, but he was not sociable, and had no great respect for anybody's rights in comparison with his own. Boys are said to be keen judges of character, and very likely they have as true an instinct in such matters as their elders.

At Oxford, Strome's character mellowed somewhat, while Fawley, without losing his winning traits, became rather more firm-fibred. He was soon a man of note in his college, kept a horse or two, gave pleasant wines, and withal managed to keep on the sunny side of the dons. Strome held himself rather aloof from social indulgences, and was understood to be reading very hard; he and Fawley did a great deal of their reading together. By-and-by it began to be rumoured that they would both take a high place at the end of the year, and some curiosity was felt as to which would surpass the other. Their rivalry, if they were rivals, did not interrupt their apparent amity, which was on the contrary rather increased thereby. Fawley once, when asked what he thought of the chances, laughed, and lifted his broad, short eyebrows and said: "Oh, Strome will beat me, of course—at least, I shall be much disappointed if he doesn't!" It was inferred

from this reply that Fawley meant to give the victory to his friend, whether the latter fairly deserved it or not. In the event, however, Fawley took the leading position; but with so deprecatory a manner did he bear his honours, that it was easy to see he had won, as it were, in spite of himself. As for Strome, he went about with a curiously self-satisfied air; but this was regarded as mere bravado on his part, a thin pretence of indifference to his defeat. He might talk, or wear what face he liked; but actions speak louder than words. Let us wait, said the sagacious ones, and see whether Mr. Strome will be quite so cordial with his friend Fawley next year.

Next year, sure enough, the predictions of these sinister prophets were verified. All at once, and without warning, the amicable relations between Strome and Fawley came to an end. Fawley seemed almost heart-broken about it, and often declared that he should never again feel his former confidence in human nature. Strome laughed contemptuously whenever the topic of their disagreement was brought forward, and delivered himself of various witty and ill-natured remarks upon Jews and Judaism, which were duly laughed at, but were considered to be in rather bad taste. Strome, moreover, who never did things by halves, nor even by three-quarters, made himself so much more sociable and attractive than ever before to all comers, that in the course of time he won over to his side no small number of those who formerly had opposed him. He did this, moreover, without ever declaring the real grounds of his quarrel with Fawley. This point continued to be enshrouded in mystery, and very likely it lost nothing of its weight in Strome's favour thereby. A wrong that can be stated can always be appraised and disposed of: not so one which evades statement. It is probable that poor Fawley may have been held accountable for every crime ascribable to unregenerate man: but since, on the other hand, nothing could be proved against him, he suffered less than might be supposed. In process of time, too, curiosity died for lack of renewed sustenance; and, so far as Strome and Fawley were concerned, the chief subject of speculation was, which would gain the higher honours at the final examinations.

But although, for a time, everything foreboded an exciting struggle, it was destined never to come to a satisfactory issue. About six weeks before the decisive

period, Fawley was taken ill; and presently his disease declared itself as a species of cerebral derangement. Of course this mishap made shipwreck of whatever chance he may have had of gaining a double-first. It was impossible even for an enemy to say that the illness was feigned for the purpose of avoiding the contest; at worst it could only be suggested that Fawley's brain had not been powerful enough to do the work imposed upon it. Strome, after betraying a rather sardonic grief at the news of his rival's prostration, took little further pains about his own preparation; and at the examinations acquitted himself creditably, indeed, but hardly with brilliance. We are left to infer that his enmity was the only effective spur to his excellence.

Fawley recovered his head and his health; but recreation was deemed advisable for him, and he left Oxford with an undimmed reputation, and with the honest liking of the majority of his acquaintance. Like Strome, he went abroad, where, with introductions as good as the latter's, and a great superiority over him in point of money, he made a fair, if not altogether illustrious impression. It must be admitted, indeed, that Fawley's success was, roughly speaking, in inverse ratio to the radius of the circle which he sought to charm. His talents were not of the world-subduing order, though just the thing for a tea-party or a young men's debating club. He could dress well, look well, and talk well under the most adverse circumstances; but he was fitted rather to persuade—or, it may be, to overreach—men than to command them; and the charitable observer will feel more disposed to applaud him for what he could do than to blame him for what he could not.

Whether the charity of his father, Mr. David Fawley, were commensurate with these modest demands upon it, is unfortunately open to question. A parent's hopes, as they are naturally greater than those of less interested persons, so must they be less liable to complete fulfilment. Mr. Fawley, perhaps, expected his son to become one of the chief personages of Europe; perhaps he only looked forward to his making himself the foremost statesman or the greatest financier of his time. At all events, after the young man's return from his travels, he had the honour of dining with his father; and when the cloth had been withdrawn the following colloquy took place:

"Well, Selim, my son, how did you enjoy yourself on the Continent?"

"Very much, indeed, father, thanks to your liberality."

"How many friends have you made?"

"A good many, certainly, and very nice people too."

"How do you know they are your friends?"

"Why, from their manner—their way of receiving me—what they said——"

"What they said? What do I care what they said? Have you got it in writing?"

"I beg your pardon, father—got it in writing?"

"Listen to me, my son; do you know what a friend is—a true friend, such as you can depend on?"

"I suppose so, father——"

"Hush! I am speaking! A true friend, one to be depended on, is the man that owes you money on good security, or money's worth! How many friends have you got like that?"

"Really, father, I could hardly tell you at a moment's notice. I played cards a good deal, you know, and I won a lot of money in that way; but I always made them pay up: I thought you would prefer it."

"Cards! Yes, cards are very well—among strangers: you may win what you like from any man you don't know, and that don't know you. But cards among friends are nonsense! What sort of a security is a debt of honour, I'd like to know? Bosh! Now just you listen to me, and don't forget it! There's two times when I know I can trust a man: when I can beggar him, and when I can shame him; and shaming is twenty per cent. better than begging any day. You needn't tell me what you've been doing: do you suppose I should have asked you if I hadn't known beforehand? You think you've been pretty clever; well, I think you've been a fool! What did you let Strome quarrel with you for? That fellow has got three times your brains, and no money; and he has got relations that can put him where they like. If you had kept friendly with him, you might have got him into some scrape, and then have offered to help him hide it, and then you'd have had him. Now that's all spoilt; he'll get into a scrape all alone by himself, and never tell you anything about it; and you won't be clever enough to find it out. That is what I call being a fool. Now look here: I've spent twenty

thousand seven hundred and fifty-four pounds—I don't count the shillings and the sixpences—since you were twelve years old to make you a first-class English gentleman. I'm going to keep you going for two years and a half more; and if you're not more of a gentleman then than you are now, you don't get another penny."

"But what do you wish me to do, father? I'll do anything!" said Selim, with perfect sincerity.

"Listen to me then, and don't you always be talking," rejoined the elder. "To begin with, you will live in London, and make connections—make 'em in the right places; do you understand? In the next place, you will get married; and the woman you'll marry is Miss Mary Dene, of Dene Hall. I shall send Sophia up there to see about it. If you do that in two years and a half, and have the settlements all right, you'll come into the bank; and if you don't, you may go to the deuce! Have another glass of claret?"

"No more, thank you, father."

"Then let us join the ladies."

This oration did not fail of its effect on Selim, who, to do him justice, was not such a fool as his father made him out to be; all he wanted was a little experience, and a thorough understanding of what was expected of him. Upon the whole, he contemplated the future with no little confidence and satisfaction. It was no hardship to have to "make connections" among agreeable people in London; it would not be unendurable even to marry Miss Mary Dene, although that young lady had been heretofore known to Selim only as a sort of untamed leopardess: he had seen her but twice or thrice, and never since her sixteenth year. When, in pursuance of his father's instructions, he ventured modestly to present himself before her, he found her, to his surprise, so far from unendurable, that he actually fell in love with her; that is, he discovered an agreeable harmony between the idea of her and of her money: they mutually sweetened each other. Aunt Sophia was accordingly recalled from Continental banishment, and sent to Dene with instructions; and the campaign was unobtrusively and promisingly begun. During more than two years of the allotted period, no hitch occurred, and Selim lived in clover.

How the hitch finally came, and how serious it proved, has been already shown. The wrath of Mr. David Fawley was

implacable, his contempt crushing, and his resolve to cut his son off with a penny, unless the mishap were rectified, unalterable. It was a crisis in which extreme measures were indispensable, and Selim braced himself for the battle. He knew certain elements of Strome's character very thoroughly, and this was a great help to him. He had Aunt Sophia on his side, and she was a host in herself. On the other hand, Mary Dene was an exceedingly difficult person to manage; and Sebastian Strome was not a man to be attacked with safety. Selim accordingly fought at such long range, and as much under cover of darkness, as he could; and in almost every way luck seemed to favour him.

It accidentally occurred to him to connect the disappearance of Fanny Jackson with certain rather mysterious and hitherto inexplicable proceedings on the part of Sebastian. This clue once obtained, he pursued it with ardour, but for a long while without much result. At the suggestion of Aunt Sophia he secured the services of Prout, who had cared for Fanny, and who would be none the less useful because his intellect was not of a very keen order. While Selim was, or was supposed to be, absent on the Continent with a broken heart, the search for Fanny was prosecuted with unremitting diligence and caution. At last, quite by accident, Prout, riding through the Camden Town neighbourhood on the top of an omnibus, saw amidst the crowd on a street corner a face that he knew, though both face and figure were altered from his last remembrance of them. Following his master's contingent instructions, no less than his own inclination, Prout lost no time in getting off the omnibus and giving chase to the figure. Perhaps his inclination, too strong for his instructions, would have led him to accost her on the spot, but on this point he was spared the necessity of a decision; she had caught sight of him, and before he could come to close quarters, she had gained her lodgings. Prout, after noting the street and number, lingered about the place, sorely tempted to ring the bell, and demand access to the lodger. Remembering, however, that Fawley had given him positive orders not to speak with Fanny should he meet her, and reflecting besides that she had probably assumed a name of which he was ignorant, he forbore. But at this moment the landlady came out of the house with a jug in her hand, and turned her steps

towards the neighbouring public-house. Prout followed her, and by the judicious expenditure of eightpence informed himself of most that he wanted to know. Two hours later he had seen Fawley, and told him everything; and the same evening he accompanied that worthy in the train to Cedarhurst. Here Fawley bade him remain, holding himself in readiness if called upon. Fawley then went privately to Dene Hall, and saw Aunt Sophia.

He did not know, or had forgotten, that Mr. and Mrs. Jackson lived in Cedarhurst. Prout knew it, however; and after having got himself into a sufficiently loquacious condition at the ale-house, he called on the Jacksons, and related to them several things which they were both surprised and concerned to hear. In doing this, Prout was not unaware that he was transgressing his master's orders; but a man is but a man, and it belongs to a man to converse confidentially among friends, no less than to fall in love, or to drink beer. So Prout, for this evening, permitted himself to be human; and although he afterwards had to reckon with Fawley, yet fortune again favoured the latter so far that his plans were not seriously disconcerted by Prout's indiscretion, and he was accordingly amnestied with a caution.

Meanwhile Fawley, closeted with Aunt Sophia, had succeeded so well in fitting together the different parts of his problem, that no doubt remained as to the fact of Strome's guilt. Since it was not to be supposed that a woman like Mary Dene would give herself in marriage to such a man, the coast was clear so far as that went. The next things to be done were to acquaint Mary with the news, and, that accomplished, to induce her to accept Fawley in the place of the man she had surrendered. Evidently, therefore, it would be inexpedient that she should know where the information came from. On the other hand, it would be well if Fawley could afterwards make it appear as if he, though all along aware of Strome's misdemeanours, had nevertheless forborne, from mingled sentiments of pride and delicacy, to make any allusion to them. It was at length decided, Aunt Sophia approving, that the first part of the business should be done by an anonymous letter to Mary. At the same time, Fanny was to be visited by Fawley, and induced, by whatever means might seem most effective, to return to Cedarhurst, and declare herself at the Vicarage. Furthermore, Fawley, of his

own motion, resolved to send another unsigned letter to Sebastian; intending thereby, in case Fanny should refuse to return to Cedarhurst, to bring about an involuntary meeting at her lodgings between Sebastian and Mary; or, at all events, to effect a revelation of the whole scandal in such a manner that his agency should be visible to no one of the persons concerned. The scheme was thus tolerably well organised; and yet his own visit to Fanny was the only part of it that produced any effect; accidents upon which he had not counted doing the rest. He knew nothing about these accidents until afterwards; and it is only necessary to remark of them here that, although they brought Fanny to the Vicarage, they betrayed nothing of the relations between her and Sebastian. Sebastian, at the last moment, found that it depended upon himself whether anyone should ever know this at all. We did not hear what words passed between him and his mother in that death-chamber, during the fifteen minutes after the doctor and Barbara had been sent out of it; but we may draw our own inferences. This much is certain, that whatever Sebastian may then have said, was said in the belief that if he chose rather to hold his peace, there was no other living witness who could bring his sin home to him.

But we are anticipating a little. Fawley, after his interview with Fanny at her lodgings, betook himself in high spirits to his father's office in the City. It is to be observed that the two and a half years which Mr. David Fawley had allowed him would expire on the first of January, so that Selim's coup came none too early. In fact, his success was only partial; he had merely done away with a rival; he was nearly as far from being the husband of Mary Dene as ever. Nevertheless, he felt a delightful difference between his present condition, where hope was possible, and his previous one, which had been not far removed from despair. His present object was to induce his father to lengthen somewhat his term of probation; or, what amounted to the same thing, to give him some more money; his last allowance being exhausted, and, indeed, a little overdrawn. Mr. Fawley permitted his son to say all he had to say without appearing to pay much attention to the tale; after it was over, he let several minutes elapse, during which he went on making entries in a small journal.

Suddenly he put his pen behind his ear, pushed up his spectacles on his bald sloping forehead, and fastened his black eyes upon the young man.

"Well, I will give you five thousand pounds"—Selim gave an involuntary start of surprise and joy—"on three conditions. First, it will be the last money you will ever get from me, unless you earn it your own self. In the second place, you will pay it me back, with interest at ten per cent. per annum, at the end of six months from date. Thirdly, you will get this fellow Strome out of the way altogether. He is a man of no reputation, and unfit for a first-class English gentleman to be seen with. Get him kicked out of all the clubs: do you understand me? For though he is a bad, immoral fellow, he is dangerous, and as long as he has money or position you will not be safe from him. Well?"

"Father, I cannot find words to express my gratitude. How noble you are, and how wise! I pledge myself to everything, only——"

"Only what?"

"Isn't ten per cent. just a little high—between father and son, you know?"

The old man showed his yellow teeth.

"Times are very hard," he said, rubbing his thick hands together, "and the security is rather insecure—he, he! If you were not my son I should charge twenty-five. However, don't let that trouble you. To oblige you I will deduct the interest beforehand, so you will have only the five thousand to repay me."

And with that the worthy gentleman produced a cheque, already written out and signed, for the sum of four thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds sterling; and also a promissory note for five thousand pounds, to be signed by Selim. The latter, feeling that there was no escape, put his name to the note with a sigh, and received the cheque, which he promptly put in his pocket-book.

"Go now, my son," said Mr. David benevolently, "and may you prosper! Good-bye!"

Selim went downstairs thoughtfully, and cashed his cheque; but when, with the money in his pocket, he was bowling westward in a hansom, with at least six months of uninterrupted solvency before him, his spirits began to rise again. What could not a man accomplish in six months? He felt an assurance of good fortune—an ability to overcome all obstacles. In com-

pany with two or three congenial spirits he enjoyed a capital dinner; then he went to hear Jenny Lind. After the concert was over he met Strome and Smillet at the Mulberry, as we have seen. The addition to the company in the person of Jasper Grannit was unexpected to Fawley; he had known that gentleman on the Continent, and the two had had more experience of one another than most people suspected. Luckily, perhaps, for Fawley, Grannit was not disposed to take the more obvious way of obtaining from Fawley a certain hundred pounds for which the latter stood indebted to him, under circumstances unnecessary to particularise here. He neither adopted Arch's method of asking for it outright, nor did he endeavour to make the debt larger by winning from him at cards. The expedient he selected was the wiser one of aiding and abetting Fawley in all his works throughout the evening; the two having a tacit understanding that Grannit was to have half of whatever sum Fawley might win. It will readily be understood how little Strome's amazing success was gratifying to the industrious Selim and his superb confederate; and had it not been for Strome's subsequent presumption in the matter of piquet, Fawley, at all events, would have had lasting cause to curse the man who invented lansquenet. But, in the interval, after the game was over, when Strome was upstairs awakening Smillet, Grannit had time to put into Fawley's pocket the two hundred pounds which the latter was so much surprised to find there half an hour later. Grannit had his own reasons for knowing that it would be a physical impossibility for Strome to beat Fawley at piquet, provided only that Strome could be induced to play, and that the game could be carried on free from the presence of critical spectators. It has been sufficiently shown that his confidence was not misplaced.

Fawley, with his original four thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds increased to over five thousand, went home and slept the sleep of the upright and successful. Early the following morning he was awakened by the demands of a large and healthy appetite, which he did not fail amply to gratify. He now had at his disposal eight hours before the train started which was to convey him to the Christmas party at Dene Hall. He had directed Prout to attend at his rooms before twelve o'clock on this day to report as to the progress of his department of the plot; the man's

non-arrival caused his master to confirm a purpose which he had already entertained, to dismiss him his service. Yet he felt no real anxiety: Fortune, who was smiling upon him in other respects in so sultry a manner, would not be likely to insinuate a frown here. Merely to utilise his spare time, however, he took a hansom over to Falkirk Road, and satisfied himself by actual inspection that the occupant of Number Ninety-seven was no longer there.

He now dressed himself with special care, and turned his face towards Dene Hall. It was quite possible that Mary might already have heard the news which was to change all her prospects in life. In that case, Fawley's attitude would be one of gentle and respectful sympathy, carefully guarded from any expression of surprise; and drifting, by well-considered degrees, into a confession of satisfaction that she should at length have discovered for herself the abandoned profligacy of a man, her infatuation for whom had long been mourned by her truest friends. If, on the other hand, nothing had yet come to light, it was his cue to make himself as lively and agreeable as possible until the moment of revelation should arrive. Fawley smiled self-complacently as he descended at the little country station, and handed his ticket to the guard.

REGIMENTAL INSIGNIA.

THERE are sundry peculiarities of facings, head-dress, or accoutrements in the British army, which convey nothing to the untutored eye of the civilian, but which are pregnant with deep meaning when interpreted. For instance, when the facing, that is, the shade of colour on the collar of the tunic or Norfolk jacket, marking it from the body, is blue, it is an indication that the regiment is entitled to carry the adjective "royal" before its name, or some kindred qualification connecting it with the throne, except in one instance. That instance is supplied by the Sixtieth, which, although the King's Royal Rifle Corps, has scarlet facings, presumably to relieve the sombreness of the dark green uniform. Thus, in the infantry, the First Royal Scots, the Second Queen's Royal, the Fourth King's Own Royal, the Eighteenth Royal Irish, and again, skipping a few, the Twenty-fifth King's Own Borderers (commonly called the Kobs), all wear blue facings. The Thirteenth Prince Albert's

Light Infantry likewise sports the royal blue; but the Fourteenth Prince of Wales's has buff, the Eighty-second Prince of Wales's Volunteers yellow, and the Ninety-eighth Prince of Wales's white; while the One Hundredth Prince of Wales's Royal Canadian is distinguished by blue.

The head-dress for the line, by a recent regulation, is a modified form of the Prussian spiked helmet, except in the cases of the Fusiliers, the Rifle Brigade, and the Highlanders. The Fusilier regiments, of which there are nine—the Fifth, Seventh, Twenty-first, Twenty-third, Eighty-seventh, One Hundred and First, One Hundred and Second, One Hundred and Third, and One Hundred and Fourth, to wit—carry a bearskin like the soldiers of the Household Brigade. Formerly the light infantry corps, of which there are eight on the army list, namely, the Thirteenth, Thirty-second, Forty-third, Fifty-first, Fifty-second, Sixty-eighth, Seventy-first, and Eighty-fifth, used to have semi-circular arches of fur on the shoulders, technically called wings, but this peculiarity has been abolished. Indeed, virtually, the epithet light infantry now is a distinction without a difference. There used to be a picked company of smart active fellows trained to skirmishing, as there used to be another chosen for its goodly stature in all regiments; but these light companies, or "Light Bobs," and grenadiers, or "Tow-rows," have been done away with, and are merged in the ordinary battalion companies, those which formed the centre, and were discourteously termed the "Flat-feet." All regiments of British infantry are now exercised equally at skirmishing, and all are equipped with the breech-loading rifle. The only special nuance of one company from another is that tolerated in the first of the first battalion of the Grenadier Guards, which insists on being addressed as the Queen's Company. There are many, nominally, Highland regiments, but only five, the Forty-second, the Seventy-eighth, the Seventy-ninth, the Ninety-second, and the Ninety-third, are permitted to adorn themselves with the picturesque feathered bonnet, philibeg and sporan, hose and shoes. When the regiments are ordered for foreign service in warm climates, they deposit their headgear in store at home, and exchange it for the pith helmet. When the regiments are sent to cold stations, such as Halifax in Nova Scotia, they adopt a Canadian shallow fur busby, similar to that worn at home by the Rifle Brigade, and which, we

believe, was assumed on the suggestion of the Duke of Connaught after his military experience in the Dominion.

Taking up the Army List anew, let us go through it in regular order, singling out those corps which are remarkable by their insignia, and explaining the causes for which they were granted, and the deeds which they perpetuate.

The three cuirassed regiments, so familiar to Londoners, may be passed over with the remark that the Royal Horse Guards, originally a troop of Parliamentarians, are happy in the possession of a standard emblazoned with "Dettingen, Minden, Warbourg, Cateau," which was presented to them by his late majesty King William the Fourth. The Sixth Carbiniers, so-called from a long pistol with which it was once armed, is the only helmeted regiment of the cavalry of the line which wears a blue tunic, which it substituted for scarlet in 1853. The First Dragoons bear an eagle in commemoration of having captured an eagle of the One Hundred and Fifth French regiment at Waterloo. The Second, or Scots Greys, are conspicuous by their tall bearskins, and a stately picture they make as they trot past on their massive grizzly chargers to the strains of Bonnie Dundee. This regiment likewise carries an eagle to signalise its having despoiled the French Forty-fifth of theirs at Waterloo; and the rare honour of wearing grenadier caps is the reward of a glorious feat of arms at Ramillies where it captured the colours of the Regiment du Roi. The Eighth Hussars are permitted to wear the sword-belt over the right shoulder in remembrance of its gallantry at the fight of Saragossa in 1710, where it smashed through the Spanish cavalry, unhorsed them, took their belts, and donned them in mockery. For many years the brave Irishmen were known as the Cross Belts. The Eleventh Hussars, it may be noted, received their title of Prince Albert's Own not from any exploit (though there be plenty such on its records) more martial than having escorted Prince Albert from Dover to Canterbury in 1840, on his arrival for his marriage with the Queen. The Fifteenth Hussars were authorised to bear on their helmets (being then a dragoon regiment, it had helmets) the following inscription: "Five battalions of French defeated and taken by this regiment, with their colours and nine pieces of cannon, at Emsdorf, 16th July, 1760." The Fifteenth were lucky

as well as gallant. In 1794, at Villars-en-Couché, it charged, in company with the Austrian Leopold Hussars, enormously superior numbers of all arms, for the purpose of assuring the personal safety of the Emperor of Austria. It succeeded in its object at a terrible sacrifice, took three guns, and the eight surviving officers were each presented with a medal by the grateful kaiser. After a review by the king in 1799, his majesty granted to the troopers the honour of decking their helmets with scarlet feathers. The Sixteenth Lancers is the only lancer corps of the five which wears the scarlet tunic, and on that account is usually known as the Red Lancers. The dashing Seventeenth Lancers, who have been sent to a new field to gather fresh laurels, have that grim crest of the skull and cross-bones on their schapkas, or hour-glass caps, in compliance with the desire of their first colonel, who was present with Wolfe at the storming of Quebec, and wished every man under his command to remember and avenge the hero's death on what was then the hereditary enemy.

Of the Foot Guards, the Grenadiers, who are known as such since they defeated the Imperial Guards of Bonaparte at Waterloo, were formerly called the First Regiment of Foot Guards. They wear a white plume in the side of their bearskins, and a grenade on their shoulder-straps. The Coldstreams wear a red plume, and a rose on the shoulder-straps; while the Scots Guards are to be recognised by a bearskin unplumed and the national thistle.

But the infantry of the line, the men the Czar Nicholas was anxious to see above all others, constitute the mainstay of the army after all; and it is satisfactory to those who can appreciate soldiership to know that they will sustain comparison with any foot in the world, momentarily unbraced though they be by the short service system. Nigh all of them—indeed, all who have had the chance—have brilliant histories, and some of them enjoy distinctions, priceless to their owners, and which will not willingly be let die. There is the Fifth Fusiliers, for example, which furnished the guard of honour on the occasion of the landing of the bride-elect of the Duke of Connaught at Queenboro'. Where, in the service of Germany or elsewhere, is there a regiment with more illustrious traditions? It wears the fusilier caps in remembrance of having defeated a division of French grenadiers at Wilhelmstadt in 1762; and the white side-

plume tipped with red in remembrance of its having plucked the blood-stained white feathers from the hats of its dead French foes at St. Lucia in 1778, and having stuck them sportively in its bearskins. This is ghastly playfulness, it is true; but this is the game of war. The Sixth Foot bear the antelope, it is supposed because it seized a flag of the Royal African Regiment which carried that badge at Saragossa. The Twelfth carry the castle and key (the arms of Gibraltar) in commemoration of its share in the defence. The Thirteenth Light Infantry has for one of its badges a mural crown, in testimony of its sturdy defence of Jellalabad in 1842, when it captured three standards from the Afghans. The knots of the sashes of the sergeants and officers are worn on the right side since Culloden; and the black worm in the lace is believed to have also been granted for real services at the battle where the hopes of Prince "Chairlie" were blasted. The officers of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers may be picked out from all others in the service by the "flash" behind their necks, which represents the ribbon of the old queue. The Twenty-eighth, the dare-devil Old Braggs, wear the regimental number in front and rear of their pickel-haubes in tribute to their conduct at Alexandria in the first year of the century. They were drawn up in the old British formation, two deep, when a mass of horsemen came sweeping on them from behind. "Rear rank, right about face," calmly ordered the colonel; and thus, back to back, the unflinching North Gloucestershire beat off the hostile waves. The Twenty-ninth are allowed to bear a star on the men's pouches for long and strenuous services in the field. The Thirty-third, whose facings are identical with the tunic, have a curious badge. Let us describe it heraldically. Out of a ducal coronet, or, a demi-lion rampant, gules, holding in the paws a forked pennon, argent, flowing to the sinister, charged with the cross of St. George, the ends gules. This is the crest of the Duke of Wellington, and the regiment is called the Duke of Wellington's in memory of its having been the first commanded by the great warrior; as the Seventeenth Lancers is called the Duke of Cambridge's Own because its uniform was once worn by the present commander-in-chief. While on this matter of badges, there are some which are common to sundry regiments, and which, once under-

stood, are epitome of their achievements so plain that all who run may read. Where the royal tiger is visible, that means that the regiment has served in Bengal. Similarly the dragon stands for China, the sphinx for Egypt, and the white horse of Hanover for services against the Pretender.

Resuming our recapitulation of regimental insignia, those of the Thirty-fourth regiment are unusually rich. It wears a laurel wreath, and also a worm in the lace of its drummers' coats, for covering the retreat of the army after Fontenoy. The Twenty-ninth also wear a red and white pompon à la mode Française to recall that it scattered the Thirty-fourth French Infantry at Arroyo-dos-Molinos. The Forty-second, the celebrated Royal Highland Regiment, can afford to be treated curtly. Everybody knows everything about it, but here is something that everybody may not know. That red heckle in the bonnet was given to it for its conduct at Guildermalsen in 1795. Six years later, at Alexandria, the bonnie Hielan' laddies made themselves masters of the standard of a French corps, pretentiously styled the Invincible Legion. The Forty-sixth wear a red plume to recall an event in the American war. In 1777, the light company, with five others of different regiments composing the light battalion, was such a thorn in the side of the Americans that they vowed they would give it no quarter. To prove how little the threat affected them, and to obviate mistakes, the men of the light battalion dyed their feathers crimson. The Forty-sixth is the only regiment of the half-dozen which retains the distinction. The Forty-seventh, which served at Quebec, where they were known as Wolfe's Own, bear a black worm in their lace, as token of mourning for the hero's death. The Sixtieth regiment, which was also at Quebec, is associated with Wolfe; its motto of "Celer et audax" having been conferred upon it by him. The splash on the buttons of the Sixty-second commemorates its stubborn defence of Carrickfergus Castle against the French in 1760, where the men actually used their buttons as bullets when their pouches were empty. The Seventy-fourth and Seventy-eighth Highlanders have an elephant as badge, to celebrate their valour at Assaye. The elephant is likewise the badge of the Seventy-sixth, which, in company with the Eighth Hussars, captured forty-four stand of colours and seventy-two cannon at the battle of Laswarree. The Eighty-first is the only regiment

called Loyal, from the facts of the entire Lincoln Militia having volunteered into it on its formation, and of the word being the family motto of its first colonel. The Eighty-fourth wears an emblematic Union Rose, recalling the circumstance that it was originally recruited in York and Lancaster. The Eighty-fifth was the first light infantry regiment in the service, but it was disbanded in 1763. It was raised anew in 1780, and after three years' existence disappeared from the Army List, the entire regiment having been lost at sea on its passage from Jamaica. For the third time—that which has proverbially the charm—it was organised in 1808, and received the right to bear the motto, "*Ancto splendore resurgo*," for its magnificent conduct in the Peninsular campaigns. The Royal Irish Fusiliers—the Eighty-seventh—amongst their badges carry an eagle with a wreath of laurel, in commemoration of the capture of an eagle from the French at Barossa. All the Irish regiments save the Inniskillings, it may be as well to add, wear the harp surmounted by the crown conspicuous in their insignia. The Eighty-ninth were presented with colours by Her Majesty when a girl of fourteen; and in remembrance thereof bear the coronet of the Princess Victoria. The Ninety-seventh regiment, in conjunction with the Royal Artillery and the Royal Engineers, exhibits the legend, "*Quo fas et gloria ducunt*." The One Hundredth regiment, which was formed out of the Canadian Rifles, still keeps alive the connection by its badge of a maple-leaf, which is to British America what the thistle is to Scotland. The officers of the One Hundred and Fourth have scarlet bands in their undress caps, in token of the good services of the corps in India.

We have got nigh the end of the catalogue: only the Rifle Brigade; that amphibious body the Marines, tried and true on shipboard and firm soil alike, "*Per mare, per terram*;" and the small Maltese local regiment remaining to be disposed of. The last-named is artillery, but preserves the supplementary name of fencibles, in recollection of its once having been infantry. Its badge, as may readily be divined, is the Maltese cross. The bugle-horn is the distinctive emblem of the riflemen, for they were always manœuvred to bugle or whistle, never to the drum; but the brigade has a Maltese cross surmounted by a crown as well. The Marines, who, strictly speaking, belong to the Navy List,

may be included in this notice of their comrades. As they are strong enough to be many regiments, so have they insignia enough for many, but all of them are well earned. Beside the crown and royal cypher, that figure their loyalty; and the anchor and laurel, that speak of their glory; they have the globe, which reminds us of their cheerful gallantry in every quarter of the round earth.

LAST DAYS OF THE OLD EDDYSTONE.

IT seems almost like heresy to doubt the stability of the world-renowned Eddystone Lighthouse, that wonderfully strong and yet graceful structure which has safely withstood the storms of the Atlantic for a hundred and twenty years, and has justified all that its engineer, Smeaton, intended and expected. And yet those who are in the best position to form an opinion, and are responsible for the maintenance of a warning light at that dangerous spot, have decided that Smeaton's structure must be removed, and a new one built in substitution. This is like parting from a very old friend, and requires full explanation to reconcile those who have ever seen the structure. The readers of *ALL THE YEAR ROUND* do not need to be told the full story of the Eddystone; but an outline of it may be acceptable, in order to render the present project intelligible.

About a dozen miles out seaward from the all-important Plymouth Harbour are situated several dangerous rocks, some always just above the surface of the water, some always just below it, and the others submerged at high tide twice a day. The spot is just in the route of ships coming in from the Atlantic, and the wreck of such vessels was once so frequent as to involve the loss of millions sterling in ships and cargoes, and thousands of valuable lives. The government repeatedly took into consideration schemes for remedying the evil, but the difficulties paralysed them. At length Mr. Winstanley, an amateur civil engineer, boldly took the matter in hand about a hundred and eighty years ago. He built a lighthouse on one of the rocks, but, as it proved, woefully deficient in strength. The building was blown down during a terrible hurricane; Mr. Winstanley and some workmen who were repairing the structure perished, and nothing was left visible save a few iron stanchions and a chain. Three years

later an Act of Parliament was passed for the construction of a new lighthouse; and this, singular to say, was undertaken by a silk mercer, Mr. Rudyerd. Mr. Smeaton, the best of all authorities on the subject, afterwards declared that Rudyerd displayed considerable skill; the lighthouse served its purpose for nearly half a century, when, being built mostly of wood, it was destroyed by an accidental fire.

Then it was that Smeaton came to the fore. Being supported liberally with funds, he at once set to work, and finished the lighthouse in the last year of the reign of George the Second.

Smeaton selected one particular rock, on the west side of which the water is so deep that ships could come in calm weather almost close up to the lighthouse. He accurately measured the very irregular surface of the rock, and took a model of it, to prepare his foundation. The lighthouse is a circular tower, not cylindrical, but diminishing in diameter by a graceful curve from base to summit. A cornice runs round the top of the tower, and above this is the glass lantern which contains the lights; a door gives admission to the lower part of the tower, and a winding staircase thence to the lantern, the store-room, and the keeper's living room. The material of the tower is moorstone, a hard species of granite, with Portland stone for the less important parts. The lowest course of carefully shaped and dressed blocks of stone is sunk into a cavity in the intensely hard granite rock itself; this, and the various courses above it, are so dovetailed, joggled, and cemented together that every single stone is immovably fixed to those beneath it, above it, and on all sides of it; insomuch that the whole mass is considered to be quite as strong and rigid as a monolith or single stone would be. The base of the tower is about twenty-seven feet diameter, the mass of solid masonry thirteen feet high from the foundation; the hollow part of the tower or shaft, containing the staircase and chambers, increases the total height to sixty-two feet. The graceful curvature of the tower reduces the diameter from twenty-seven feet at the foundation to fifteen feet just below the cornice. As the lantern is twenty-four feet high, the entire elevation of the lighthouse above the rock is eighty-six feet.

Such is the famous Eddystone Lighthouse, which is about to come to grief through no defect in itself, and through no fault of Smeaton's. Although civil en-

gineers have long been conversant with the fact, the public generally were quite taken by surprise when, less than two years ago, they were informed on official authority that the Eddystone is unsafe. Though the structure itself is as sound as ever, the rock on which it is built is not.

All the lighthouses of England and Wales belong to or are under the control of the Trinity Board. Mr. Douglass is the engineer of the Board, and on him devolves the duty of ascertaining the stability of the existing lighthouses, and of preparing the designs and plans for new ones when required.

At the Plymouth meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, the year before last, Mr. Douglass read a paper on the Eddystone Lighthouse. The elegant structure he pronounced to be as strong as ever, but the rock on which it is built, dashed against by Atlantic storms for untold thousands of years, has become undermined; the summit of the rock and the lighthouse on it will pretty certainly topple over some time or other. No one can guess when; but the custodians of the lighthouse deem it prudent to take the matter in hand at once.

The Eddystone reef or group comprises many rocks, most of which have received distinctive names. That which is occupied by the lighthouse is known as the House Rock, and is the most elevated of all above the surface of the water. Mr. Douglass, for reasons which he deems valid and sufficient, has selected another, called the South Rock, as the site for the new lighthouse to supplant the present structure. The difficulties in building on it will be greater than those which Smeaton had to encounter; for the rock is so low that it is wholly covered with water till half ebb tide, and some parts of it are permanently four feet under low water. It is, besides, very exposed, and will try the skill and patience of the constructors severely. But the career of a civil engineer is almost a continuous struggle against, and conquest over, difficulties, and Mr. Douglass has to maintain a well-earned reputation by doing the like in this instance. He names five years for completing the work, and estimates the cost at seventy thousand pounds. Many engineers doubt whether the arduous undertaking can be completed in the time named or for the sum estimated. No contractor has offered to take the work at the estimate offered; and therefore the Trinity Board have undertaken to act as they have

done in some other instances—construct it by their own engineers and workmen, without binding themselves down strictly as to cost.

Smeaton is said to have taken the trunk of an oak-tree as a model for his gracefully curved tower; and men of science have determined that it was an excellent choice, giving much more strength with a given amount of material than a cylindrical tower. Mr. Douglass intends to adopt nearly the same curve, but his structure will be much larger in all its dimensions. The solid base will be cylindrical, forty-four feet in diameter by twenty-two in height. On the summit of this will be a ledge five feet wide, forming a landing-place all round the tower itself, which thence will soar upwards to a height of a hundred and thirty-four feet above the rock. The total height will exceed by more than fifty feet that of the present lighthouse. Except a small water-tank, the mass will be entirely solid up to the entrance-door, twenty-two feet above the landing-platform. The walls of the hollow tower will vary from more than eight feet thick at the lower part to a little over two feet near the summit. There will be nine storeys, separated by vaulted floors. The doors and window-frames will be made of solid gun-metal. No less than seventy thousand cubic feet of granite will be employed; this, with the metal used for cramping, &c., will raise the total weight of the structure to more than five thousand tons—three and a half tons on every square foot of foundation. All the blocks of stone, after shaping and dressing, will be built up on shore, taken to pieces again, and removed for permanent fitting on the rock. Most of the great lighthouses have cost more—many of them much more—than as many pounds sterling as there are cubic feet of masonry employed; and hence several engineers of eminence believe Mr. Douglass's estimate of twenty shillings per cubic foot to be too low.

The lighting of this grand new beacon will be most powerful and brilliant. The light will be what is known as dioptric of the first order, and will be visible to a distance of nearly twenty miles out at sea on a clear night. To warn off ships in foggy weather, a first-class fog-horn or siren will be used, worked by machinery, and sending out a sound something between a roar and a shriek, that can be heard at a distance of three miles. The present Eddystone has a fog-bell of about five hundredweight, the sound of which is

not so penetrative as that of the horn or siren.

Some of the facts connected with the construction of the present edifice are so full of interest, and were narrated by Smeaton in so animated a style in a magnificent volume on the subject published a few years after the completion of the enterprise, that we cannot do better than string a few of them together.

When Rudyerd's lighthouse was burned down, application was made to the Royal Society to recommend someone to construct a new building. Smeaton was named, as one who "had never undertaken anything but what he completed to the satisfaction of those who employed him." He was appointed to the office, and soon satisfied himself that a structure of first-rate masonry would alone answer the purpose. When assured that the raging sea would assuredly overturn a stone lighthouse, he quietly replied: "If the building will not give way to the sea, the sea must give way to the building." He constructed a model to illustrate his proposed mode of construction; and so many persons came to his house to see it, that he deputed his wife to show it to them, to avoid loss of time. When he commenced actual operations, to save time in going backwards and forwards between the rock and the shore, a distance of nearly twelve miles, he had a vessel moored near the rock to serve as a tender for the use of himself and his men. It being war time, to save his men from being impressed into the Royal Navy, each wore a medal struck for the purpose to show to the officer of the press-gang; and it was, moreover, found necessary to send an armed convoy with the vessels that brought the stones to the rock, to save them from capture by French privateers. Five hours' work was the utmost that could be done in each tide in preparing the rock for the foundation; and this only in fine weather. In one particular year, the workmen could do nothing whatever on the rock till the beginning of July. So rigorously correct were all the courses of masonry, and all the stones in them, that when the edifice was completed, a plumb-line showed that there was no leaning even to the extent of an eighth of an inch. The total working-time at the rock, in a period of nearly four years, had been only about a hundred and twelve days. Many persons continued to believe that so rigid a structure, unfitted to bend either to winds or waves, would topple over by sheer

force of impact; Smeaton thought otherwise, and he proved to be in the right. Three years after the lighthouse was finished and brought into use, one of the most fearful storms ever known on our coasts took place, destroying ships and other property in Plymouth Harbour to the value of eighty thousand pounds; yet all the damage suffered by the lighthouse was mended with "a single gallipot of putty." The keepers, when they first began to take up their abode in this lonely and sea-girt home, were a little alarmed by the vibrations that followed the dashing of furious storms against the building—waves towering completely over the top of the lantern; but they soon became reconciled to their position, saving perhaps the monotony of their daily life.

Much speculation has been hazarded concerning the possibility of utilising the present lighthouse at some other spot. Mr. Douglass believes that it can be taken down stone by stone, and all set up again elsewhere in exactly the same order. Many engineers, however, doubt the possibility of effecting this; they state that Smeaton so linked the stones together by dovetails, joggles, trenails, and cramps soldered in with molten lead, that they would rather break in pieces than separate. Indeed, he is said to have purposely constructed the masonry to this end.

Some engineers have proposed to fill up the gap caused by the raging storms of the Atlantic in the western part of the submerged base of rock; and, the lighthouse being thus rendered safe, to encase it and increase the height. Mr. Douglass pronounces against this scheme. He states that the proposed strengthening of the rock must be wholly executed by divers at a depth of water never less than two fathoms (twelve feet); and that the casing of the lighthouse, in such a manner as to increase its height to an equality with that of the other lighthouse which he himself proposes to construct, would cost a hundred and twenty thousand pounds—half as much again as the new lighthouse. This is a clincher.

A far bolder scheme has been suggested: that of blasting away the whole reef by means of the all-powerful dynamite. It can be done, there is no question; and the idea is that all Eddystone difficulties would be solved at once, by the disappearance of the reef on which the lighthouse stands. Mr. Aston Key, civil engineer, discussed this matter with the deputy-master of

the Trinity House some years ago; but he brought it more formally before the Board soon after the Plymouth meeting had given the public an interest in the subject. He adverted to the vast improvements that have been made in the machinery necessary for boring the blast-holes; to the almost incredible explosive power of dynamite; and to the great skill now displayed in all such submarine operations. But he said nothing concerning the quantity of rock to be removed, nor the cost of the enterprise; and these were points on which Mr. Douglass, when appealed to, pronounced against the scheme. From careful calculations he finds that the quantity of rock required to be removed, in order to provide a safe minimum depth for navigation at seven fathoms low water spring-tides, would be at least two million tons weight of exceedingly hard gneiss or granite; and that the cost of the enterprise would be not less than half a million sterling. No wonder that the elder brethren declined the suggestion with thanks. Besides this, the Eddystone light is something more than a warning implying "Keep off"; it is also a guiding beacon. Admiral Sir Richard Collinson, who was deputy-master of the Trinity House at that time, pointed out that, being only three miles within the fairway of ships bound up or down the Channel, and not so often involved in fogs as many other spots in the vicinity of the south coast, the Eddystone is of great value to the mariner—especially in these days of steam navigation, when straight courses can be shaped. Rebuild your lighthouse if the present structure is not safe; but a lighthouse let there be. This was the verdict of an experienced weather-beaten admiral.

OUR DEBATING SOCIETY.

THIS age stands charged with lack of earnest motives, with love of ease and the decay of heroism, but no such impeachment could be sustained against our debating society. We are terribly in earnest, as you would admit could you see our members perspiring in the throes of oratory; we court conflict and face the fire of words, impatient to interrupt, but disciplined to silence. Heroically repressing the ready repartee, we hold inopportune denial in check, and often preserve order at the expense of momentary self-effacement. But we have our reward, for everyone in

turn may enjoy the pleasure of hearing himself speak.

Our coterie of fledgeling Ciceros is called The Grandison Debating Society, a title conferred by its founders nearly half a century ago, to remind the members of the need of courteous behaviour and stately politeness even amid the heat of debate. And we wear the title as an amulet to assure for us the never-failing charms of etiquette; so that, if one of our members be actuated to call another a liar, let us say, he adopts a Grandisonian method of conveying what in less carefully chosen language might lead to a breach of the peace, as thus: "I beg to remind the honourable member who last addressed this honourable house that his notions of veracity are not such as would commend themselves to the approval of the bench of bishops, or even to such of the laity as may happen to cherish a regard for mental or rhetorical accuracy." Certainly it is less hurtful to one's feelings to be called a liar in that roundabout way than in the more direct manner in common use.

We are not, as might be inferred, a narrow mob of provincial nobodies, meeting together to spout foolishness, drink spirits, and kill time, but a select band of aspiring barristers, ambitious busy solicitors, active journalists, and retired literary gladiators, still fond of, if no longer fit to handle, the trident and net of public encounters. Though truthful men in the main, we are not above an agreeable subterfuge in our oratorical commerce. We listen to the speaker of the moment with a semblance of deference, all the while we are preparing our crushing rejoinders, rounding our periods, and polishing our epigrams ready to shoot at the fighter when our turn comes to give tongue. The speaker of the moment is the common enemy upon whom all eyes are turned, against whom all wits are sharpened; his very friends on whose side he fights are still his enemies in the encounter of wits; for what popular orator ever kept a joke behind his teeth because its delivery might vex a friend and partisan?

One evening a week, during the winter months, our debating society meet in a long narrow upper room of an old-fashioned inn in the heart of London. Upon the mantelshelf behind the president's chair is a bust of Burke, between two table-napkins folded in the form of the priestly biretta. The plaster of Paris patriot does not belong to the Grandison, but to the landlord; and how he came to dwell on the mantelshelf is without the knowledge and

beyond the memory of our most ancient member. Occasionally the liquor supplied at the old-fashioned inn has been more fiery than the boldest efforts of our best speakers, and at such times we have talked of seeking a fresh habitat. But the bust of Burke, looking, as it were, with its silent eyes through the back of the president's chair, and along the table, fringed with a border of Burkes in prospective, has seemed to admonish and reproach us for the intended desertion, and we have suffered under fusel-oil for the sake of our beloved image, guarded through the silent watches of the night by the two table-napkins sworn to that service and to none other. For if by any chance a famishing debater were to order never so costly a dish of stewed cheese or ham and eggs at the old-fashioned inn, and expect to be provided also with a table-napkin, the faculty of expectation would exceed the quality of judgment in that debater's mind.

About the bar of the old-fashioned inn early in the evening there gathers a mob of ordinary tipplers, apparently indifferent to the burning questions of politics and society which excite a flow of talk on the other side of the ceiling. The gentleman downstairs discussing a sausage and mashed potatoes, and what is technically called a "half of stout," seems intellectually thousands of miles removed from the gentleman upstairs discussing the question: "That in the opinion of this house the time has arrived when the legislature should put some check to the widely-spread practice of importing foreign substances into the British sausage." It is thus that we know little of our greatest men, and that the common people eat sausages in ignorance of their benefactors labouring for the common good almost within hearing. But if there are noise and bustle in the bar below, there are order and propriety and clean clay pipes in the room above. The clean clay pipes, the cut lemons, and the tidy spills, are marshalled upon the long brown time-worn table, dinted with the glasses of countless masonic banquets. At the head of the table sits the chairman, corpulent and clever, with his beloved Grandisonians stretching on both sides down the mahogany perspective towards the door, where the pallid waiter, with eager eyes, watches the listeners' lips. The pallid waiter, with a damp, not to say dirty napkin tucked under his left arm, and a metal tray poised gracefully upon his right hip, never moves a muscle when some learned speaker refers

to the Pandects of Justinian or the theory of evolution. But let a listener only look towards him; and with swift and feline strides he rapidly approaches the spot where the glance proceeded, takes an order for soda-and-brandy with the solemnity of a martyr going to the stake, and returning, laden with glasses, which in the hearing of eloquence do not dare to jingle, opens a bottle of aerated water without for an instant letting the cork go pop! In the distant future, the general spread of education may bring Aristotle and Horace home to the door of the pallid waiter; but not all the learning of all the ancients can improve him in the arts of swift, orderly, and silent service.

No social institution can exist without an executive and an income. Our debating society has both. We have a committee, a secretary, and a small annual subscription. The officers are chosen from among the oldest members, and meet and debate in secret, a Grandisonian *Vehmgericht*, that from time to time promulgate ordinances, but do not give their reasons. They give the date of the annual dinner, and the time for meeting and breaking up, and, it may be, audit the secretary's accounts. The conscript fathers possibly have other and more onerous duties; but, if so, they do good by stealth, and never have occasion to blush to find it fame. While our committee are in a sense an abstract quality, our secretary is a concrete fact. His principal duties seem to consist in shaking hands with the members and reminding them that their trifling subscriptions are overdue, in transcribing the minutes of the debates, and in reading the annual report from which it is invariably made to appear that the association was never in a more flourishing condition, and that the balance of twopence-halfpenny in cash is in the hands of the treasurer. Our annual report never fails to contain some such item as the following: "Your committee have much pleasure in stating that the society would be possessed of the sum [say] of two thousand seven hundred and forty-six pounds thirteen shillings and threepence, if it were possible to collect all arrears of subscription due since its foundation in the autumn of 1828. At the same time, your committee do not think it right to deal with such sum as if it were an asset capable of being invested in the names of trustees for the benefit of the society." When at our annual general meeting, the secretary—who was originally

chosen because of his respectable exterior, his clear voice, and his double eye-glass—reads the above paragraph in his most subdued and serious manner to the assembled Grandisonians, we one and all feel like members of a thriving corporation with a capital in bad debts.

No subject is too light and none too heavy to gratify our appetite for debate. In the matter of politics, we settle the affairs of the nation off-hand. We decide among ourselves, over our pipes and grog, when it is the duty of a ministry to resign, and we share with the head of the state the prerogatives of peace and war. We withdraw the commands of incompetent generals, and send other officers abroad to supersede them. We confer the title of best upon a picture, a poet, or a fashion in dress; and from the safe vantage-ground of an upper room in an old-fashioned inn we rule the world, in our own conceit.

We know almost to a man which among us will be on this side of a question and who on that. Our conservatives in politics, in religion, and in art are pledged to one another with all the force of a parliamentary party; and it is the same with our liberals. We have the man who in politics swears by Danton and the French Revolution; the man who in theatrical matters alludes to the late Edmund Kean as an exponent of what he is pleased to describe as the toe-and-heel drama; and the man who in religion holds orthodoxy of every denomination in contempt. And our intellects are as various as our opinions, our styles of oratory as diverse as our physiognomies.

The chairman of the Grandison Debating Society is a person of some importance in the world of letters. But he was originally a butcher's apprentice, and taught himself grammar in his garret after work-hours by the light of a candle made with his own hands from waste scraps of mutton-fat picked up from the floor of his master's shop during the daytime. He is a man of large information and generous sympathies; but he can see no good in the aristocracy, and always argues as if the feudal system flourished to this day. He will gravely inform our society that, according to an old French seignorial privilege, the lord of the manor on his return from the chase possessed the right of warming his cold feet in the blood of at least one serf. He is great on the custom of gavelkind, and argues that the peerage should be abolished, because King Charles

the Second ennobled certain pretty sitters to Sir Peter Lely. Master of the logician's art, with a fine presence, a persuasive voice, and bull-dog tenacity, our chairman is a born debater, and would shine at St. Stephens.

The sworn foe of our chairman in all matters of debate is Mr. Mugford-Brown, a counsel learned in the law. Mr. Mugford-Brown's father was at one time a provincial mayor, and it therefore behoves his son to support the pretensions of the gentry. Calm, passionless, and artificial in style, Mr. B. will defend ship-money, benefit of clergy, distraint for rent, the old masters, and feather-beds, to his final argument and his last breath. He does not stop to consider whether a proposition is just or the reverse; enough for him that it is old. He never forgets that his father was once mayor of Gravelborough, and that it behoves him to support the claims of rank against the assaults of the democracy.

Mr. Foxton is a solicitor in good practice, and with many opportunities of talking in public. He is nevertheless constant in his attendance at our debating society, where he never loses a chance of making a speech. Precise in his choice of words, accurate in his use of facts, Mr. Foxton is the slave of precedent and of the law. If the argument should happen to turn upon the newly published work of some popular poet, and our chairman has pointed out a strained accent in some particular line, Mr. Foxton will triumphantly reply with an equally strained accent in a line of Shakespeare's, which he will consider sufficient excuse for the fault of the more modern versifier. The play of *The Merchant of Venice* happened to be under discussion one evening, on which occasion Mr. Foxton made an elaborate address with the object of proving that the procedure in the Venetian courts was different from that adopted in the trial scene, and that therefore he could not accept the speech of Portia on the quality of mercy as becoming in a case which he constantly alluded to as *Shylock versus Antonio*.

The difference between Mr. Foxton and a younger gentleman in the same profession, Mr. Fleecy, consists in the fact that the former means what he says, while the latter does not. Mr. Fleecy will rise, and, with his hands behind him and his chin in the air, proceed smilingly to observe: "Sir, with your permission, and that of this honourable house, I desire to express my profound contempt for the policy of the present government." But before the

last word is out of his mouth our chairman may interrupt him with the reminder that the preceding speaker addressed the house from that point of view, and that perhaps it would be better to hear some gentleman on the other side. Such an interruption will not in the slightest degree abash Mr. Fleecy, who, without removing his hand from behind his back or lowering his chin, will proceed: "Sir, it was my intention to have spoken a few words in opposition to the policy of Her Majesty's ministers. But rather than this debate should flag for lack of a supporter of the responsible advisers of the crown, I shall endeavour to show you that, however some persons on the other side of this honourable house may traduce a body of intelligent statesmen weighted with the cares of office, I, at least, will not be among the number of their hostile critics," and so on, for twenty minutes, will flow the perennial fountain of Mr. Fleecy's eloquence.

Mr. Fleecy can talk and will talk. But also Mr. Stammers can't talk and will talk. When Mr. Stammers was first introduced to our society, and before he was elected, we all thought him a most retiring and modest gentleman, and of a sort we are much in need of—a good listener. But the very first night that Mr. Stammers appeared upon the scene as a full-blown Grandisonian, he gave us a taste of his quality; and now no debate is complete without a stuttering speech from Stammers: "I—I—I—I rer—er—ise, Mum—um—um—ister Ch—ch—ch—airman, tut—ut—ut—oo ss—ss—ss—ay a few wur—ur—ur—urds." And a very few words go a very long way in the speeches of this amiable obstructionist. Some demon-hearted medicine-man advised Stammers to try speaking in public, and we are the victims of the experiment.

It grieves me to be obliged to record the fact, but the faithful chronicler cannot choose his materials, and it must be admitted that we have a member whose practice it is to imbibe intoxicants not wisely, but too well. There exists a tradition in the society that our drunken member was long ago an agreeable debater; and he still preserves a white hand—whiter by comparison with his nose—with which he holds a long pipe, and, as it were, beats time to the periods of our most fervid orators. Possibly the speaker in possession of the floor will state a postulate, and proceed to prove it, when, just as he is well into his argument,

our drunken member will lift himself slowly from his seat, and waving his pipe in the air, solemnly but indistinctly remark: "I rise to ordershir." "Sit down, sir!" roars the chairman. "Sit down!" echo the members. "Sh'shan't sit down!" hiccups the drunken member. "Rise to ordershir," he continues, while the man next him pulls his coat-tails gently but firmly, and our drunken member subsides, drooping his right eye sweetly over his empty glass, and soon snores serenely. This disorderly champion of order would have been turned out of the society long ago, but for a story current among us that during the prevalence of a dreadful epidemic, when men stayed at home with their families for fear of infection outside, our drunken member, at that time a pattern of sobriety, used to come regularly to the meetings, vote himself into the chair, and hold long and interesting debates with the image of Burke upon the mantel-shelf.

Always when the debate is over our society adjourns to the bar for a parting glass, and there we fight over again the battles of upstairs, giving praise where praise is due to the best speakers of the evening, and pointing out weak spots in one another's arguments. And thus we orators minus a mission, and statesmen without employment, drop off through the inn-door, one by one, into the darkness and silence of the night. As for myself, my best speeches have been made in cabs going home from the debates.

A NEW CALEDONIAN RISING.

THE French, as everybody knows, have not followed our lead in giving up transportation. On the contrary, since the Commune, they have deported—as they call it—a great many more mauvais sujets and suspects to New Caledonia than even their last emperor sent to Cayenne and Lambessa. It was supposed that from a lonely island in the South Pacific there could be no escape, and though several of the most notable Communards did get away, a good many seem to have remained whom the New Caledonian authorities could very well have spared. Not that the deported Communards have tried to establish a republic of their own; if they did try, the French have, as they usually do, kept the affair very close. Indeed, the first news of the native war of which we are going to

give a few details, came to the startled Parisians through an English paper. The deported are numerous enough: nearly four thousand condemned to mere deportation, which obliges them to live in a fortified place; close upon six thousand convicts; and about thirteen hundred ticket-of-leave men. To keep these in check there are nearly four thousand soldiers, warders, turnkeys, &c.; and then there are some two thousand eight hundred settlers, and it is supposed nearly seventy thousand natives.

These natives are a good deal like what the Tasmanians were till we and our brandy had exterminated them—fierce, intelligent, not at all inclined to give up land or other property without a struggle. Our treatment of the Tasmanians is by no means a credit to modern civilisation. We filled the land with convicts, many of them of the worst class, and when by their brutal misconduct they had goaded on the natives to war, we employed them in crushing out the black man. The French are playing exactly the same game. They look forward quite coolly to the speedy extermination of the seventy thousand, and say: "We must treat them as Great Britain has treated the aborigines of Australia and Van Diemen's Land." It is a humiliating confession. Can no way be discovered of dealing with natives except by improving them off the face of the earth? If so, we had better admit that colonisation, like dyeing the Tyrian purple, is one of the lost arts; the Romans must have had something which we have not, for they managed to make tolerable Roman citizens of a good many natives who were almost as unpromising to begin with as the Tasmanians. Surely, with our Christianity, we ought to be able to do better instead of worse than they did. As we said, the Communards and ticket-of-leave men of New Caledonia do not seem to have attempted much against the officials; their energies were directed to the natives, on whom they endeavoured to force their principles in a very unpalatable way. Communism in Europe may or may not mean a community of wives, but out there the ticket-of-leaves, having no wives of their own, "took them wives of whom they would;" and not content with one wife, they changed them when they liked. It is bad enough to have your land taken away by an interloping white fellow, who can kill you with a lightning-flash at a distance to which no human

arm can hurl either spear or throw-stick; but when the same white fellow also walks off with your wife or daughter, and by-and-by turns her away for somebody else's, blowing out your brains with his lightning-tube if you attempt an energetic protest, why things have come to a pass as unbearable to a New as it would have been to an Old Caledonian. Even Galgacus, when he made that grand speech to his woad-stained braves on the slopes of the Grampians, could not allege wrongs of this kind. Roman generals occasionally forgot themselves; Boadicea and her daughters were shamefully treated; but such treatment was the exception. Here in New Caledonia every "mean white"—and natives soon find out who's who—every "good conduct" convict behaved as the very worst of Turkish agas would not have ventured to behave in a Bulgarian village. At last the natives broke out. A man called Chêne, a ticket-of-leave employed as local policeman, was killed last June with a stone hatchet, he and his native wife and two children. Several years before, Chêne had taken a native wife, the mother of his children; but growing tired of her he had driven her off, and had selected a young lady of birth and accomplishments out of the Dogny tribe. The Dognies warned him to take care what he was about, but he laughed in their faces; and so they tried to rouse the rest of the tribes, most of which had some similar outrage to complain of, and to form a confederacy for driving the pale-faces into the sea. Happily for the French, the Dognies, getting impatient, began the war on their own account. Chêne's murderers were captured and locked up, but the prison was attacked, the gendarmes tomahawked, and the prisoners set free. Then came another massacre, at a place called Foa, which included twenty-one victims, including settlers, convicts, ticket-of-leaves, native women, and blacks from the New Hebrides.

The New Caledonian method of warfare is not to be imitated. Bands of ten or a dozen visit lone houses, and ask for a light for a pipe or a drink of water. While their wants are being supplied, they either shoot their hosts down with revolvers, or split their skulls with waddies or stone axes. One settler, Percheron, was an exception to the rule which we said holds of most of the ticket-of-leaves: he had a white wife. One day she was at home with her child whilst he was out about the bullocks.

In walked a black fellow, who had been employed some time before on the farm, and asked for something to eat. "I've nothing to give you but some tea," said madame; and while she was putting on the kettle, her guest felled her with a stone axe. Soon after, her husband, coming back, saw the black man gathering the linen that was put to bleach on the grass. He thought madame had given the native a job; but, on walking in, he found her lying half dead. Of course he rushed out in pursuit, but the murderer had run off. Madame actually managed to "ride and tie" with her babe and husband some twelve miles to the place where the packet-boat between Ourail and Noumea calls once a week. In this way they carried the ill news to the capital, for telegraphic communication was stopped; the telegraph-clerk having been shot dead while he was in the middle of a message to Noumea to the effect that all the thickly-peopled district of Boulapari was being ravaged by blacks.

It was everywhere the same; one commandant of a small station saw his two men, his wife, and two children killed before his eyes. Armed with a sabre and a revolver, he despatched eight of his assailants, and kept the rest at bay. They then set fire to the place; and when he rushed out, to avoid being burnt to death, they clubbed him and left him for dead. Savage warfare is much the same all the world over. During their former risings, 1861-8, the New Caledonians managed to kill, not only a great many colonists, but the crews of at least two vessels, one of which they overpowered within sight of a sloop of war. Their boldness was as desperate as that of the Zulus; they even came within two hundred yards of Noumea, and falling in with a squad of marines, fifty of them fell upon the Frenchmen, and began a hand-to-hand tussle. After a fearful struggle they were beaten off, but on their retreat they surprised an outlying depot of provisions, plundered it, and killed the garrison of ten men. This war was brought to an end in 1868 by the death of the most turbulent chiefs, and there was perfect peace for ten years, until men like Chêne made it impossible for the natives to keep quiet.

In their earlier struggles those slain by the blacks were generally eaten. "Man's flesh alone is the proper meat for heroes," is the only New Caledonian proverb on record; so, if any unfortunate Frenchman were caught outside a town or encampment, he

ran the risk of being shot and carried off to make the *pièce de résistance* at a feast. If his slayers were disturbed, they just hung him on the nearest tree and made off into the bush. Cannibalism is less in vogue now; though when a native village, situated, we are told, in a most lovely nest of verdure amid a mountain forest, was stormed, the French found a trophy built up of human bones, and in front of the chief's hut was a pole on which were set, Dyak fashion, three white men's heads.

Yet the record of this last war is not merely a string of horrors. We may believe that even a New Caledonian feels kindness and knows what gratitude is. A young man named Henri Bull (let us hope he is an Englishman) could speak the native language, and had treated the blacks somewhat like fellow-creatures. Not only was Bull safe from all attack, but he was able also to save a family of five who took refuge with him. In more than one case women and children were spared. A native woman, whom the French called Camelia, saw five gendarmes killed by a score of natives. The natives then burst into the fort where she was, and were just going to kill her when, as she afterwards expressed it, "I thought I'd ask them to spare my children." "Come along with us into the bush then," said they; and she went, along with another native woman who with her child had also been spared. The women escaped during an attack made by a party of French on their captors.

The people of Noumea completely lost their heads with terror. They had been living in such complete security; the natives seemed to have been finally crushed; Titema, almost the only surviving chief of any note, had come to live in Noumea, and might be seen strutting about in a cocked hat with an enormous feather, and a laced coat with huge epaulets, glad to take a glass with anyone who cared for the new sensation of drinking the health of a cannibal; when, all of a sudden, the telegraph wires were cut, and men rode in, galloping for dear life, glad to save that though with the loss of all their worldly goods. It was rumoured that the deported were rising, and would seize a ship in the roads and escape; and, worse still, that some convicts were fighting along with the blacks, and teaching them European tactics. All the ladies of the place went on board some trading ships which happened to be in the harbour. The native police and native servants were a

dreadful source of alarm: to keep them was a terrible risk, to send them away was to swell the enemy's ranks. Fortunately, Captain Olry, the governor, seems to have kept his presence of mind. He first brought in all the convicts from Nou Island off the port; he then cut off the leave of the deported, and kept them in close quarters, though the moment they heard of the rising they offered their services, and asked to be led against the enemy. The natives, police and others, were quietly drafted off one by one to Nou Island; and for the future it was determined that the black policemen should be chosen from the inhabitants of the Loyalty Isles. Besides the regular troops, a band of volunteers was soon formed; and, above all, forty squatters who could ride well did excellent staff duty, and moreover astonished the natives more than ten times the number of foot-soldiers could have done.

The rising seems to have been very partial. The tribes of Mont d'Or kept out of it, as well as those of Houailou and Ponnerichouen. The warriors of Canala, to the number of two hundred, were marched by the commandant of the district across the central ridge over to the scene of the rising. So sure of his men did this gentleman—Lieutenant Servan, of the French navy—feel, that he was not afraid to be alone for a couple of days with this band of armed natives. With him they were safe from the temptation to join their insurgent brethren, and, by fighting and burning villages, they soon made themselves more odious to the rebels than the white men themselves. New Caledonia, too, despite its high mountains, steep cliffs, and pathless forests, is not so good a place for a native rising as if it were broader. Long and narrow, it affords many landing-places, of which the commanders of French frigates and sloops were not slow to avail themselves; parties of sailors cut the native forces in two, and so dispirited them, that before long a good many tribes submitted, and the guillotine began to work instead of the chassepot. By-and-by, reinforcements came. A week after the news was known at Paris two companies of infantry and marines sailed from Saigon, and got to Noumea in thirty-two days, on the 19th of last August. Troops were also sent from France; and by the end of October the French numbered three thousand six hundred and seventy men of all arms, and could reckon on as many again within a short time. They seemed to have no fear

of leaving their Cochinchinese colony almost bare of troops. The Annamites, they tell us, like them and their laws much better than they liked their native rulers. The climate is such that very few Frenchmen care to settle; and those who do find no difficulty in getting land without coming in collision with tribal rights. Moreover, there are plenty of Annamite young ladies whom their papas are delighted to sell to European husbands. It is to be hoped the price is high enough to keep polygamists like Chêne within due bounds.

And now, asks M. Planchut, the historian of the rising, in his Revolt of the Kanakas, "what are we to do with the New Caledonians? They have reasons enough for hating us. During the ten years of peace they had seen the white man spreading and multiplying throughout the island. While Noumea was little better than a group of huts, they thought we should go as we came; but Noumea is now a big, well-built town, and everywhere they must feel themselves being gradually edged out. Then these ticket-of-leave men, having no hope of white wives, have roused the jealous savages to madness by enticing away their women. A looking-glass or a tinsel brooch is enough to captivate one of these *popinées*, as the French render the native word. The husband or father is naturally incensed; and, like so many other savages, he thinks all white men are tarred with the same brush, believes—in grandiose French phrase—in their solidarity, and so, if he can't kill the real offender, kills the first 'man of his tribe,'—i.e. fellow white—whom he meets."

Are we to exterminate them? says our author. They are not all bad fellows; and then he tells a story of Ataï, a chief, who was brought in before the governor, clad in a soldier's cap and nothing else. "I hear complaints of you, Ataï, from the chief of your *arrondissement*. If you don't behave better, I shall punish you severely. And, by-the-way, when the governor speaks to you, you ought to take off your cap." "You take off yours, and I'll take off mine," coolly replied Ataï; and Mr. Planchut is sure the governor must have admired his pluck, whatever answer he may have felt it right to make. It would be a sad thing, adds our author, to think there is nothing for it but to kill a thousand Kanakas or so for every white man who has fallen, and perhaps three or four thousand for Colonel Gally-Passebosc, who, riding up a hillock, though his native

servants warned him danger was near, was killed by a shot from a *chassepot* taken from a slaughtered *gendarme*. Two plans M. Planchut suggests, which will, at any rate, stave off the need of immediate extermination, and leave the Kanakas to that sort of euthanasia, or gradual dying out, which in these latter days seems the fate of natives even under the happiest conditions, when once the white man gets among them. The first is, to take possession of the New Hebrides, where there is plenty of land for the ticket-of-leave to settle on without robbing the native tribes. The next is, to send out plenty of white women. Why, he asks, should not female convicts of the better sort, instead of pining away in hopeless imprisonment, be transported where they can make some reformed burglar happy? He feels sure that family life, children all around, farm work, and other Arcadian accompaniments, will humanise those whom prison life keeps in chronic rebellion against society. He points out how well the thing has succeeded in Australia; how few of the best families out there are free from the taint of convict blood; what a useful member of society, in fact, a well managed convict may become. The difficulty is that the settlers will naturally object to convict families all round them in such close quarters as a New Caledonian clearing. Well, then, says he, divide; put the ticket-of-leave over in the New Hebrides, and leave New Caledonia to the free settlers, the convicts, and those deported Communists, for keeping whom from spreading their firebrand doctrines all over Europe he thinks every civilised nation owes France a debt of gratitude. We hope the plan will be acted on, for otherwise we fear that as it was with the Tasmanians so it will be with the New Caledonian Kanakas. The struggle will go on till only a miserable remnant is left, which will be packed off to Nou Island, or the Isle of Pines, as the few remaining Tasmanians were to Flinders' Island. We hope, anyhow, the strife will not be disgraced with any of those horrible episodes which sicken us in the early history of Van Diemen's Land. Chêne was bad enough; but he was an angel compared with that English convict, who, employed in helping to fight the blacks, shot a native, and having cut off his head, hung it round his wife's neck, and then drove the wretched woman to his hut at the point of the bayonet. M. Planchut says: "This extermination of Australians by

the English we cannot look at without repugnance;" he would use stronger language if he had read the details of the wars in Tasmania. Meanwhile, what's the use of an Aborigines Protection Society? They don't seem able to protect any. The Yankees, we are told, put sacredly aside the native reserves; but they take care that close to the reserve of one tribe shall be that of another which is decidedly hostile to the first. Hence the reserves speedily lapse for want of inhabitants. Canon Kingsley used to comfort himself by calling all these natives rotting races, created to perish away before the white man. It is a happy thing for us that the old Romans didn't have that opinion of the Germans and the Britons.

ALONG THE LINKS OF ALNMOUTH.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

"WEEL, Annice, I'll say't again. Ye nicht gae fairther an fare worse; an' ye'll own it yersel' ane o' these days."

"An' will it be your son bid ye tell me so, Mrs. Garth? Indeed, an' 'twas verra kind o' him; an' 'tis he knows best his ain value."

"Eh, but you're a saucy gairl, Annice. Ye knaw weel enouch that John's no the man to say anything for himsel'; tho' weel he nicht, an' he were willing."

"Ay, but he'll set you to say't; an' for the maitter o' that I'd as lief hear't from himsel'. Sure an' it's a' ane to me, an' if you're willin' I'll be biddin' ye gude day the noo, Mrs. Garth; for I'm gaun wi' a message to Meestress Plaistaws at Warkworth; an' I'm no minded to be driven aboot any man, least o' a' ane who theenks sae weel o' himsel' 's John Garth!" with which, and in a little pet, which flushed her pretty cheeks carnation-wise, and lent a double sparkle to her bright blue eyes, Annice Laidlaw caught up a little basket, and departed with a whisk of her short skirts from the cottage door at which she had been standing for the last ten minutes. Mrs. Garth, a thin, rather hard-featured old woman, wearing a widow's cap and a rusty black gown, and with joints sorely crippled by rheumatism, looked after her with a sigh, and shook her head frowningly.

"Noo I'll ha jist made maitters wurse," she said to herself with a second shake somewhat more resigned than the first. "An' John will blame me whin he coomes to hear on't; but I canna' help it. I canna see that lass playin' wi' him i' the way she

doos; an' if she will na' take a waird frae her luv's mither, she's no the woman to make a gude wife to'm, an' sae I'll tell him." In despite of which conclusion Mrs. Garth feel uncomfortable in her heart; and went back with another sigh to her washtub, and the crooning of certain homely but dreary psalm tunes which had been handed down from the times of the Covenanters to those of her own mother; and having been sung to her as a lullaby, had served the same purpose with her own children.

Whenever Mrs. Garth was heard crooning one of these grim old tunes, it was a sure sign that she had been stirred in spirit respecting some member of her family.

She had only one left on earth to her now, the John above-mentioned. A strong-hearted, right-thinking north-country woman, she had borne with travail, and reared with hard labour and patient love, five tall, strapping, strong-limbed children from infancy to maturity; slaving for them night and day when they were young, and living hard and faring poorly that they might be fed and clothed and have a "bit of schooling" to fit them for the world they were to labour in—four sons and a daughter. Then came one wild and boisterous night, with waves which beat like the thunder of a thousand cannon on the rocks of Dunstanborough, and flung themselves in sheets of milk-white foam over the slender lighthouse on Coquet Isle, and raved and roared up to the very cottagedoors of Alnmouth; and in that storm Mrs. Garth's husband and three elder lads, together with her daughter's bridegroom of three months' standing, went down into eternity; nor was aught of them ever given back to greet the widow's eyes save a shattered boat and one bruised and mangled corpse flung high on the Boulmer sands on the following morning. The daughter did not stay long behind. She was but a young thing, poor girl, married early, as the lassies of the "north country" generally are; and after her fisher lad's death she "just pined and dwithered," to use her neighbours' phrase, "an' songhed oot like the fag eend o' a wind," dying six months after her husband in the effort to give birth to a child who never even opened its eyes on a world where there were none to welcome it.

Mrs. Garth laid them both in one grave beside that which held her husband's battered corpse, and went back to her own cottage, a bent, grey-haired woman, leaning on the arm of the one son left her.

To him from that day forth she devoted herself with a stern and passionate love, which only the unconquerable reserve of the Northumbrian character prevented her from expressing by those words and caresses which another woman would have freely lavished on him who was indeed a Benjamin to her in her bereavement. The utmost she ever allowed herself to say on the subject was: "Ay, he's a gude lad to me, an' I'll no deny I set some store by him."

In truth, John Garth was a very good son—sober, steady, and hard-working; and though a fisherman, like the rest of his family, and therefore often causing his mother anxious hours and nights of prayer and wakefulness, he had never added a wrinkle to her brow of his own wilfulness; and was now at seven-and-twenty still a bachelor, because, in his love for his mother, he had determined to take no wife to himself until his means would allow him, not only to support her and any family he might have by her, but to secure a home to the woman whom hard labour and sorrow had prematurely aged. Mrs. Garth was active and energetic enough still, and would willingly have made out that she was quite able to keep herself; but John would not hear of her doing so, and being a very decided young man—"masterful," as his mother called it—she knew better than to try to go against him when he had once set his will on a thing. Had she even said a cold word when she first found that his heart was lost to Annice Laidlaw, a pretty, blue-eyed, saucy little coquette, who lived with her old grandmother in a wee cottage down on the beach, and was almost the last girl in Alnmouth whom she would have thought of picking out as a daughter-in-law? Annice hadn't a farthing in her pouch to bless herself with, save what she earned by her own needle; yet she was so far from bowing down to John's supremacy, and accepting his love with gratitude, that she had no sooner beguiled his heart into her meshes, than she played hot and cold with it, half yielded and half held off, and teased and tormented him in a way which filled Mrs. Garth's motherly soul with indignation, and even brought down on herself the censure of many of her feminine neighbours, who wondered what she could be thinking of to trifle "wi' a man like Jahn Garth. Faith! an' if she lost him a'together there'd be a dizzen lassies ready to tak oop wi'm, an' where would she be then?"

And meanwhile John only loved her the better for it, as big, strong, generous-hearted men often do pretty, impulsive, quick-tempered little women; and thought himself so unworthy of her that it was a wonder to him at first that she didn't send him away altogether, and followed after her like a faithful Newfoundland dog, thinking the whole day bright if she gave him a smile at the beginning of it; and thought no sight so lovely as when Annice, who, after all, had been a childish pet of his mother's, ran in, as she often did, to give the old woman a helping hand with her baking or cleaning-up; or perhaps took one of his own coarse blue socks from the widow's stiffened fingers, and sat down to darn it with a charming little assumption of meekness and "gudewifery" which made her more than ever fascinating to the honest fisherman.

"If she wuld but bind hersel' to me!" he used to say to himself. "Come next autumn, I will ha' paid off the last two instalments on the new boatie, an' culd afford to marry right coomfortable, an' keep her an' the mither too." But Annice always laughed and bade him wait till the autumn came. Maybe she'd think about it then; but she was in no hurry for marrying herself, and wouldn't bind herself to any man beforehand. She'd be sure to change her mind next day if she did.

At the present moment she looked very much as if she had changed it for good so far as John Garth was concerned. She carried her head very high, and her cheeks under her big white sun-bonnet were very red; and she walked at a pace which soon took her out of sight of the strip of grassy bank and sandy beach, littered over with boats turned keel upwards, romping bare-legged children, and nets spread out to dry, which stretched before the little village of Alnmouth, a remote cluster of grey stone houses and red-tiled roofs midway between Warkworth and Dunstanborough on the Northumbrian coast. To be lectured by Mrs. Garth, and told (as the widow had told her very plainly) that she was a vain, silly, spoiled child, when she had been so "good"—more good than she had ever been before to John on the previous evening, and had only looked in at his mother's that morning that she might help the old woman with her Monday's wash before walking all the way to Warkworth to take some work home to a lady—it was too bad! And if John had set his

mother on to do it, as of course he had, she would never speak to him again—never: that she wouldn't! "Go farther an' fare wurse, indeed!" Did John think he was the only man in the world, or the only one who would have her? Why, there was Will Robson, the young blacksmith, who would be only too pleased; and hadn't she said "No" to Michael McBride, the hostler at The Duke's Arms, only a fortnight back? But it was like John and his mother, and she wished she had never had anything to do with them.

Poor little Annice! After all, she was but seventeen, and a spoilt child, as Mrs. Garth had so unwisely said; and just now her indignation was flaming so high that it almost made her little feet fly over the hard yellow sands, and she was fairly out of breath by the time she reached Mrs. Plaistaw's house with her little basket of nicely finished work. She was hoping to be paid for it, and was disappointed when she found that the lady was out driving, and that she had nothing to do but to leave her parcel and wend her way home again.

It was afternoon now, and the sun was on her back, and she began to feel tired. She had risen early that morning to finish the piece of work, and had dressed her grandmother, and got the breakfast, and scrubbed the kitchen, and tidied up everything in her own home before she ran up to Mrs. Garth's, looking as fresh as a rose, and quite ready to rinse and wring out shirts or sheets for her: as, indeed, Annice always was ready to help anyone, being as busy and alert as any bee; but now she was feeling disappointed, and hot, and tired—not to say more than a little cross; and so, after she had gone two-thirds of the way, she sat herself down to rest among the tufts of bracken covering the steep grassy slopes which rise above the beach, and are called the "links" in north-country parlance, and leaning her head back against the bank behind her, shut her eyes, and in three minutes was sound asleep in the sunshine. Above her head was the vast dome of sky, blue as any turquoise, and scattered over with long, wind-torn clouds like wreaths of white flowers blown across an azure field. Below her feet lay the German Ocean, blue, too, but with the deeper blue of a sapphire, dimpling in the breeze, scintillating in the sunbeams, dotted with the brown and white sails of scores of fishing-boats, scored with faint black lines of smoke from passing steamers, and stretching away to the pale limitless

horizon. Around her was the bracken, just beginning to turn brown and yellow in the glowing September sunshine. Now and then the crack of a gun sounded from distant stubble-fields; now and then a couple of white butterflies rose above the nodding harebells on the bank, and fluttered about in the summer air, tossing and jostling, dipping and curling, to and from one another in a mad aerial dance; or a long flight of gulls passed seaward with a shrill, screaming cry; but still the little figure lay there nestled into a sheltered hollow; the crisp, curly, brown-gold head thrown back among the long grass and fern-stalks; the round cheeks flushed with slumber; the pretty mouth pouting still, as if in dreams she rehearsed her past wilfulness; the white kerchief on her bosom rising and falling with every regular, deep-drawn breath: as fair a picture in her unconscious youth and loveliness as any painter could have wished to copy; certainly as fair as any that ever met the eyes of a man who presently came treading along the links with a light elastic step, and just saved himself by a sudden start from stumbling over the sleeping maiden.

"The deuce!" he said then under his breath, and stood still to look at her, the first surprise in his eyes merging into an expression of blended admiration and comicality.

The new-comer was no Alnmouth fisherman; that much was evident a mile off. An acute observer might have told almost as easily that he was no native of Alnmouth or its neighbourhood; but simply a bird of passage—one of those unmistakable "London men," who, clad in serge and knickerbockers, and encumbered with either gun or fishing-rod or alpenstock, are to be met with in every imaginable and unimaginable corner of the mother country, except London, during the months of August and September. A good-looking young fellow, too; tall and upright, with waving hair, and more than a spice of "diablerie" about the dark, laughing eyes. It rushed into them now with full force as, after a few seconds' wondering contemplation of the delicate rounded lines and glowing childlike face of the rustic sleeper, he glanced quickly round him, and muttering to himself:

"A new edition of the *Sleeping Beauty*. Let's hope the breaking of the spell mayn't be quite as noisy as Tennyson's version!" bent down and deliberately touched with his lips those rosy parted ones below, for

whose smiles John Garth would have given all his worldly possessions. And of course Annice woke up on the instant.

It was the lightest feather touch of a kiss ever laid on a pretty girl's mouth, but it was enough to rouse a young woman from the light slumber of a summer's afternoon; and Annice sat up, opening a pair of wide blue eyes with an innocent, half-awakened bewilderment—which made her more lovely than ever in those of the audacious onlooker—and a faint dreamy idea that John was near, and had spoken to her; till becoming suddenly conscious that John was nowhere near, only a strange gentleman who was surveying her from a little distance with an air of great gravity and propriety, she sprang to her feet with a swift accession of roses, which even spread to the little bit of round fair throat left visible by the kerchief so discreetly pinned across the shoulders of her short blue-linen gown. Evan Harkness doffed his cap and came a step nearer, smiling a little, albeit in a perfectly subdued and deferential manner.

"I hope I didn't disturb you, trampling past your resting-place," he said gently, and reassured by seeing in the naïve, untroubled innocence of her face that she was quite unconscious what it was which had roused her. "Please don't jump up. You've found a charming nook there for a summer's day-dream."

"Indeed an' I will have no beesiness to be asleep," said Annice, wofully ashamed and blushing. She had not the least idea what his fine words meant, but there was something in the studious gentleness of his tone which touched her ear pleasantly, and made the little coquette glance up from under her long lashes to see what the face might be like to which that voice belonged; "but the sun were sae warrm; an' I'd been a' the road to Warkworth an' back lang-side the san's. I think 'twill be that made me do 't; but I'm glad ye woke me."

"And I'm sorry," said Evan; "but if you've come from Warkworth, you can tell me how far off it is. I only came to Alnmouth last night, and am on my way now to see the wonderful hermitage. Is it a long walk?"

"Eh, no, sir; 'twill be aboot three miles from Alnmouth. I've walked fairther an' no tired mesel'; an' the castle is a gran' place, though it 'll no be like Alnwick;

an', indeed, for the maitter o' that, there canna be any place like the duke's own palace; but ye'll ha' seen Alnwick a' ready?" and Annice looked up with such simple confidence and loyalty in the belief that the first pilgrimage of any stranger must be to the duke's town and castle, that Evan Harkness felt more than willing to repeat his former experiment. He did not dare, however.

"No; I haven't seen it yet. I'm new to these parts. Do you live there yourself, my pretty child? If so, I'd ask you to be my cicerone."

"Indeed, no, sir; 'tis in Alnmouth I'm leaving, an' I suld ha' dune richtly to be there afor noo. Ye'll no mees your way to Warkworth tho', sir, for that's the castle ye can see in frent o' ye a' the way."

With which, and before he could think of any excuse for detaining her, Annice gave him a bright little smile, with just sufficient shyness in it to lend it the effect of the curtesy a south-country girl would have dropped, and tripped off; her light rounded figure poised like a flower on the little, stoutly-shod feet and trim ankles, and thrown up against a background of bright blue sea and tawny bracken, her linen gown turned up to display a bright coloured petticoat, and fluttering in the breeze; the sunlight touching her ruddy curls and the dimpled curve of cheek and arm, and glittering against the white sun-bonnet which she carried swinging in her hand.

Evan Harkness stood and looked after her, smiling still as though he liked the picture, and would have liked to follow it.

"Well, Alnmouth's a very little place," he said to himself; "and she's the only pretty girl I've seen belonging to it. I don't think it will be difficult to find her again. What a dear little month! If she had stayed another minute I think I must have kissed her again. I wonder if she'd have been angry."

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